

Vindication of Episcopacy.

With Allocations, July 3. 1688. This was for fear of the

NOW call to mind, *Edom*, remember well
Your cursed Cries against God's *Israel* on
Now who's Disloyal, where's the *Obdurate*
And *Busie Fops*, that talk of Things of State
A Plot, a Plot! Who is't that now looks blue
Now where's *Sedition*? Where's the *Faction's* Crew
Now mock no more, go consecrate the Room
Where *Essex* dy'd, and think on *Russell's* Doom
Now who are they that cry'd, *Ramus* and *Darius*?
Who is't that now comes off with *Ignoramus*?
Now who's furnishing Fears and Jealousies?
Now who's malicious, fomenting of Lies?
Now whose nice Conscience pleads Religion
Nay, rather they that once swore they had none
Now let's *Huzza, Huzza, Huzza*, examin all
Now for the Loyalty express by Dampning
Roaring and Whoring, --- that --- Rorting and Sinking:
Hey-Boys! New Healths with Bumpers bravely Drinking
But say these are the Worst, whose Words are Wind;
But mark our Doctrines, and the more refin'd
Now where's the Doctrine made the Pulpits ring,
'Twas all Divine to Love and Laud the King
Where's Loyal Sermons now? Where are they gone?
Heark, heark a while, (and you shall hear anon)
Where's Non-resistance now? Now where's Compliance?
Why here, in this, to bid the King Defiance
In what, an Edict? No, His Declaration
For Conscience Liberty, to free the Nation
From those accursed *Penal Laws* and *Test*,
That Tender Conscience ever might have Rest
But now 'tis *Poperie, Popery*, that's the Song
'Tis coming like a Flood: But pray how long
Has Fear of *Poperie* been this dreadful Tone?
Just since you let the Protestants alone
'Tis Fear of Papists, --- Good lack! --- 'Sad's the Case
Since they've excell'd Episcopals in Grace
No sooner Clemency doth Peace propose,
But Envy cries, Take heed of Popish Foes.

Was't not for fear of Popery long ago,
 You writ and printed, preach'd and rag'd so?
 Down with Dissenters, thus with Storm and Thunder
 Magistrates, and you! Duty, fear, and blood
 Fine and imprison, ruin, follow't hot:

This was for fear of Popery, was it not?
 Thus Persecution echo'd from the Pulpit;
 But now look simply, say you cannot help it.
 Law was not then so much, as it is since,
 But the King's Pleasure, as you made Pretence:
 Yet though you've lost the Spur, you'd hold the Bridle,
 With a freight Rein too: O! but that's as idle
 As those that blame this Liberty of Conscience,
 And have the Impudence to say 'tis Nonsense.
 Were they (which God forbid) but half so long
 To feel the Right, that did Dissenters wrong,
 They'd wiser be, kinder, and humbler too,
 Who're now so proud, they know not what they do.
 Now who are they that cannot be content
 With Regal Right, but Acts of Parliament
 Of their own chusing? Yet this will not do,
 But must have also Convocation too.
 Now who like Toads spit Venom, swell, and pant?
 Now who are they that have the way to Cant?
 Now who's most busie to degrade the King?
 And who knows what? With secret Whispering,
 And holding Consults, who makes Parties now?
 For to rebell the Malecontent knows how.
 Fat Benefits, and Tythes, and Bishopricks
 Do not content you; O, these little Tricks!
 For Mordecai stoops not: Here's the Dispute,
 You want the Power still to Persecute.
 Whence comes this Rule, to Lord it o're the rest?
 From Tory Gospel, Penal Laws, and Test:
 Touch 'em in that, and they'll begin to wince,
 And galled Loyalty spurns at their Prince.
 But poor Dissenters, now, as heretofore,
 Thankful for Peace, rejoice, and seek no more.
 But now, 'tis well, your cursed Power's subdu'd,
 Here's Peace, which others like: But let's conclude:
 Here's your own Language, and the Work of late
 You glory'd in, and still you'd vindicate.
 Look in this Glas, and learn to blush for shame;
 Be Christians once, and stain no more that Name.

L O N D O N, Printed for R. W. 1688.

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July 16 1932